OW POETRY IS PUBLISHED, BY WILLIAM SLOANE

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"KABLOONA"
By Gontran de Poncins
Reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington

"CRUSADERS IN CRINOLINE"
By Forrest Wilson
Reviewed by Henry Steele Commager

"THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY"
By Hermann Rauschning
Reviewed by Norman Cousins

"HOW AMERICA LIVES"
By J. C. Furnas
Reviewed by William Allen White

"LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY"
By Alfred Winslow Jones
Reviewed by Peter F. Drucker

"BY THE DIM LAMPS"
By Nathan Schachner
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

GONTRAN DE PONCINS "throws away his childhood and youth and merges into the life of the Eskimos." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Pearl in the Oyster: How Poetry Is Published

WILLIAM M. SLOANE

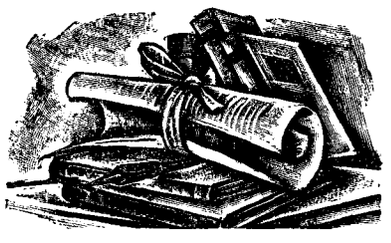
The SRL *has asked Mr. William M. Sloane, an old contributor to these pages, and editor for Henry Holt & Co., publishers, to discuss some of the economics of the publishing of poetry.*

THE *Saturday Review* has recently been exploring what is generally supposed to be a publishing wasteland: the slopes of Mt. Helicon, where Euterpe has gone into a pauper's decline. The combined effect of Elizabeth Jackson's piece, "Poetry and Poppycock," and George R. Stewart's "The Novelists Take Over Poetry" suggests that the muse has been first abused, then neglected, and finally robbed of everything she owned. Anyhow, they are still talking about the lady, and perhaps a page or so of testimony from one of her business managers ought to be read into her obituary, which they are so busily writing against her imminent demise.

Now poetry publishing is regarded by some of my shrewdest and most sensible contemporaries as a form of amiable eccentricity. There seems to be a general agreement among them that the muse does not pay off, and that it is slightly silly to go on wasting a couple of hundred dollars at a time on "slender volumes of verse." It is *unbusinesslike,* and of all human illusions, the last which is likely to be abandoned is the publisher's belief that he is a businessman. . . .

A number of prominent American publishers have a house rule against contracting for books of poetry, and supposedly they will make no exceptions. But such houses are actually themselves the exceptions. Most of the leading publishers have brought out verse almost from their beginnings, and the newest large-scale publishing enterprise, Duell, Sloane and Pearce, actually inaugurated its career with a poem by Archibald MacLeish. Harper, Scribner's, Norton, Oxford, Harcourt, Brace, Holt, Knopf, Dutton, Putnam, Macmillan, Doubleday, Doran, and Farrar and Rinehart—to name the first dozen that happen into my mind—have all published book after book of verse, and they are still doing so. Most poets who have not yet found a publisher believe that only a few houses will bring out a book of verse. My own impression is that substantially more than half of the forty largest American houses issue one or more books of poetry per year.

To suggest how much money there still is in the publication of certain kinds of poetry, I may as well cite an incident in our own experience at Holt. A year or so ago we paid an advance of $2,500 on a single book of poetry, and on publication day we had sold enough copies of the book to cover this entire sum. The book was the "Collected Poems of A. E. Housman," and such a publishing prize does not come the way of any house very often. Nevertheless, the year before that we had owed Robert Frost a very comparable sum on the royalties earned in advance by the new edition of his collected poems, even though a lower-priced edition was being published only two weeks later. Ask any bookseller about what an Edna St. Vincent Millay publication date means in terms of sales. When Stephen Vincent Benét completes his new narrative poem, I do not think John Farrar will let the ensuing publication date pass unnoticed. Already we ourselves are planning an impressive sales effort and campaign for a poem which we are to publish later this year, a book-length narrative by Mark Van Doren. There seems to me no question that, viewed coldly and without special pleading, poetry is still an important item on the sales quota of American publishing.



All these cases which I have just cited will seem like exceptions to some readers, simply because they are obvious. Any book which sells at all well is *ipso facto* a publishing exception, but poetry publishing has its share of these pleasant surprises, some of them far less foreseeable. Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs" is a recent case in point. The Pulitzer Prize award in poetry almost always means a substantial and very profitable plus sale to the house which has brought out that particular book. I can still remember the bemused look on the face of our sales manager as he scanned the transcripts just after Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems" won that prize last year. Fifty- and hundred-copy lots look good on anybody's daily sales record. And a surprising number of books of verse have hit that most longed-for of literary jackpots, a book club adoption.

There are two other respects in which poetry publishing is good business. Successful poetry is one of the most solid of backlog items. It keeps selling even when that *terrific* new novel on which you were counting so heavily has just laid a terrific new egg in your lap. There are any number of well-known publishing houses whose entire backlist business must be smaller than the backlist business of Macmillan's in poetry alone. This kind of stabilizing sale is coming to be more and more esteemed by editors who are looking far ahead. My own feeling is that just because it is so difficult to exploit immediate sales possibilities in poetry publishing, we publishers are often prevented from the promotional excesses which cause us, often enough, to lose money on the publication of books which have sold a most creditable number of copies. Readers of poetry have a habit of refusing to be stampeded into reading any particular piece of verse. They buy a poet's book when they get round to "discovering" his particular excellences.

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The second important asset of a poetry list is the fact that poetry can prove extremely profitable through what are called "permissions"—fees charged for the inclusion of a given poem in somebody else's anthology. These fees, which are divided between publisher and poet, have in many cases accounted for more sales dollars than the actual books in which the poems first appeared. Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems," which includes a number of poems which anthologists have included in hundreds of subsequent collections, is a case of this sort. The book has sold well in its own right, but "Fog" has sold better.

EVERYBODY knows that poetry is a dying art. Everybody in the book and literary business, that is. The news has not yet spread to the masses, and radio, for instance, continues to make quite extensive use of poetry. In their various ways Ted Malone and Norman Corwin and half a dozen others have made great successes of poetry programs over the air. Corwin's own highly successful radio plays have more than once been written in verse. Permission fees accrue to publishers from radio releases of poetry almost every day. There is a growing number of victrola records of spoken poetry. Magazines and newspapers continue to publish poems, and it is a fair presumption that the listeners and readers must want poetry if so much of it is being used.

From the publisher's approach, there is one final thing to be said for the publication of poetry and poets as a sound business practice, but I had best defer that until after a brief examination of the red ink entries on the opposite page of the ledger. These entries, here at Holt's as well as in every other publishing house of which I have any accurate knowledge, suggest that most books of poetry lose money for the firms putting them into print. Now losing money is a painful, unwelcome process to anyone, and this numerical preponderance of losing books is what has given poetry a bad name among publishers. They have a habit of watching current sales more closely than backlist sales anyway—or at least I have—and the sale of many a poetry volume is like the movement of a glacier—you have to come back the following year to notice any change at all.

A good many of the people who come into my office with manuscripts of poetry want to know "how much it costs to print a book of poems." This is a question which it would perhaps be wiser not to answer, but since it bears directly on the problem of profitable poetry publishing, it needs to be faced. Single volumes of poetry are of varying lengths, but the two commonest sizes, probably, are those which run to 64 pages and those as large as 138 pages. The shorter length costs us at Holt about $530 for an edition of 1,000 copies, including the cost of plates. Our costs are higher than in some other houses of which I know because we believe that the people who *do*—occasionally—buy books of poems want them as permanent and worthy parts of their library. The longer books run to $720 for an edition of the same size.

Two dollars is the customary list price for single volumes of poetry—and of this amount the publisher receives about $1.20 gross. Furthermore, publishers are driven to distraction by people, including poets, who assume that what a book costs from the printer is *all* it costs. The departmental and other overhead costs on each book generally at least equal the outlay to the printer and plate-maker. So it is fair to assume that a single small book of poetry costs at least $1,250 to add to the list, and it costs something each year to keep it in stock and in the catalogue. Assuming a sale of 500 copies of such a book of verse, there is a substantial cash deficit apparent at once, amounting to around $650. This deficit has to be made up out of the profits on some other book.

These are the figures which make poetry publishing so much a matter of patience, of being willing to wait until a poet has achieved his full stature and popular acceptance. They also drive home the fact that it does not pay to be wrong about a poet, to take someone second rate and miss the supplementary sources of income, the anthology rights and the other kinds of permission fee. The cost sheets of poetry have to be figured in decades, not seasons, as is the case with novels. So far as I have been able to ascertain, practically every fine and profitable poet was once a red-ink figure in his publisher's ledger.

As for the poet, if he is fortunate he has a contract with his publisher at the standard book rate, which is 10% of the list price. Nominally he receives twenty cents, therefore, on each copy of the book sold, or a gross of $200 if his book sells a thousand copies, which it most generally will not. Against this royalty the publisher charges the cost of such alterations as he makes in galleys over and above an allowance of perhaps 10% of the cost of typesetting. It is quite possible for a poet, therefore, to clear less than $100 on his book when the dust has all settled. (However, he has frequently put his book together out of poems previously sold to magazines, sometimes, I suspect, interlarded with

(*Continued on page* 16)

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The Soul of A People

KABLOONA. By Gontran de Poncins. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 339 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

AT long last one of my most cherished aspirations has come true. For many years I have wanted to visit the Far North with its flesh-eating Eskimos, the South Seas with their round atoll islands and graceful people, and the windy tip of South America where children four or five years of age gather shellfish, roast them in the fire, and actually get their own living. These are the three chief types of environment that I have never seen. The inhabitants of two of them, that is, the unspoiled Eskimos and the primitive tribes of far southern Chile, are outstanding examples of the world's most primitive people, representing fossil cultures in which our world of radios, bombers, politics, and war simply does not exist.

And now I have visited these people. Not in the flesh, to be sure, but in the spirit. I have seen their soul. In many books I have read of the outward life of the Eskimos, but never before have I felt that I had really been carried beneath the surface so that I not merely lived with these children of the North, but realized how their minds work and why they act so differently from us. In most books you see mainly the "queerness" of Eskimo habits together with privations, squalor, and seeming indifference to suffering. In the best books you also see that Eskimo habits are well adapted to an environment of intense cold, seals, fish, ice, caribou, and vast darkness or endless light. All the time, however, you are an outsider, looking on at something which is enacted before you as a play on a stage.

In Count de Poncins's book, "Kabloona" (The White Man), the Eskimos appear in a new and most fascinating way. When Count Keyserling attempted to see the soul of a people, he went among them as an Olympian observer. He did not talk to many people; he did not live their life; he did not stay long enough to permit his early impressions to be revised. Hence what he called their soul was more largely his own soul with a few temporary dents in it. De Poncins employs a different method—a method like that of Stefansson, except that it is less "scientific," if scientific means objective. This artistic, literary, modern Frenchman, with all the culture and sensitiveness which these adjectives imply, went to the Far North of Canada and spent a year among the Eskimos. Part of the time he lived in the most remote of Hudson Bay posts with an Irish post trader. Part of the time he lived with Eskimos who had become hangers-on of a post where they sell skins of the white fox in exchange for tea, clocks, telescopes, knives, flour, and knicknacks. And part of the time he went off for a glorious visit among Eskimos who still live almost completely untouched by the white man's civilization.

At first he found the Eskimo mode of life appallingly disgusting.

> There were three men (for example) and fifty pounds of meat. The three men attacked that meat with the rumblings and growlings of animals warning their kind away from their private prey. They ground their teeth, and their jaws cracked as they ate, and they belched with long cavernous fatty belchings as of brutes drowned in contentment. The walls of the igloo were horrid with the ruddy drippings of bloody spittle. . . . And still like beasts they picked up chunks and almost instantly flung them down in order to put their teeth into other and perhaps more succulent bits . . .

At a later time, when he knew better how to make himself at one with the Eskimos, and fell among finer people, the story was wholly different. "That day was perhaps the warmest in human companionship that I have ever met." When his Eskimo hosts came home in the evening, they surrounded him with "a degree of solicitude rare among men."

"Are you not hungry?" one would ask when I stopped eating to draw breath. And another: "Give him more tea."

One reads this book with interest like that aroused by an absorbing novel. The style of the author is graceful and vivid. The book arouses and sustains one's interest in even the smallest event, such as fastening the load onto a sledge, or trying to keep warm at forty below zero when riding on a sled no more than two feet long. The feature which does most, however, to lend an enthralling interest to the book is its swift and effective contrasts. Some of the most vivid contrasts portray the author's inner feelings as a white man over against his feelings when he throws away his childhood and youth, and merges completely, even if only temporarily, into the life of the Eskimos. One moment the Eskimos seem to him utterly childish; the next moment some courtesy or neglect on their part, or some unintended ineptitude on his part makes him realize that it is he and his European kind who are childlike.

Drawing from "Kabloona."

The scenery, too, although monotonously flat, changes most wonderfully. "For Utak snow was the long-awaited gift of the gods, the magical element that made travelling possible, that furnished him a rampart against the wind when he spent hours on the frozen sea, waiting for the seal to rise." For the half frozen white man the snowy scene was

> grey, undefined, a world without proportion, without dimension, above all without color. Never did the horizon draw its comforting line to divide the earth from the sky; the two were of the same substance. There was no middle distance, no perspective, no outline, nothing the eye could cling to except the thousands of smoky plumes of snow running along the ground before the wind.

But take another look at this same land on a day when the sun has come back and the Eskimos are hunting the great wandering herds of caribou—

> That night we left the monotonous mediocrity of the low-lying land by the sea and came out into a vast plain. . . .
>
> Imagine a world covered by the waters of an endlessly wide lake, and the waters receding until only peaks emerge like islands over the lake-bottom. There were hundreds of these peaks as far as the eye could see, with here and there a ridge that ran like a prehistoric river bank, its smoothly worn slope covered with pebbles that appeared from far away as fine as sand.

A book studded with passages like this, a book that discloses the inner workings of the Eskimo mind, a book that makes you feel that you have visited the people and been initiated into their lives—such a book is a scientific as well as literary masterpiece.

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"She Conquered a Crown"

CRUSADER IN CRINOLINE. The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. By Forrest Wilson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1941. 706 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE wrote altogether some thirty books; she is remembered for one. Critics are agreed that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not literature, historians insist that it is not history; these conclusions are irrelevant. The book was propaganda, designed to stir the spirits of men, not to intrigue their critical faculties, and it was magnificently successful. It was more widely read than any other book except the Bible and, possibly, Andersen's Fairy Tales, and more influential than either of these. If it did not actually make the Civil War and free the slaves—as Mr. Wilson implies—it contributed largely to both of these events, and it fixed in the popular mind the stereotype of the American Negro, of slavery, and even of the plantation South. Harriet Beecher Stowe was indeed one of O'Shaughnessy's music makers: she conquered a crown, she trampled a kingdom down.

Yet all this was almost fortuitous—fortuitous in the sense that it was not deliberate, nor purposeful. For the mousey daughter of Lyman Beecher was not really a crusader. Her crusade, like her fame, was thrust upon her. She rose to both responsibilities. She became, for two continents, the symbol of the abolitionist movement, until she came almost to think of herself as its originator and leader. (Mr. Wilson falls into the same error.) In those long, drab, Cincinnati years she had not concerned herself overmuch with the cause of the slave, nor with life among the lowly. She had tried to be a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother. She had aspired—but modestly—to literary fame, for it was a poor Beecher who could not win some kind of fame. And she had wanted to eke out the family income, especially during those hard years when the Lane Seminary couldn't pay its professors' salaries. The inspiration for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was moral, to be sure, but it was psychological and economic too.

But once the book was launched upon its fabulous, its incredible, career, its author became a crusader. She convinced herself that the inspiration for the book was Divine, and she assumed, willingly, the position and the responsibilities of the first woman of America. She wrote now, with authority; she attempted to direct the course of the anti-slavery movement; she toured England and consorted with the mighty, and when—for reasons of state—Queen Victoria failed to receive her, she felt hurt.

Mr. Wilson has written, chiefly, of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has explained the sources of that

Forrest Wilson

work—the Cincinnati environment, the fugitive slaves crossing the Ohio and huddling in some friendly farmhouse, the mobs and riots, the near-by plantations and the gentle Southerners, the stories that brother Charles brought up from New Orleans, the stir that Theodore Weld made at the Lane Seminary, the influence of brother Edward and of the greater Henry Ward. He has told, in fullest detail, the writing of the book—the dramatic pledge to do something to end the curse of slavery, the composition amidst pressing household duties and in a new, strange, environment, the reading of the manuscript to a weeping family, the chapters sent off, one by one, to the anxious Mr. Bailey of the *National Era* and the rising tide of public interest in the story, the efforts to find a publisher for the book, and the success of the book itself. He has traced the subsequent history of the great book, its career at home and abroad, how it was bought by the hundred thousand and read by the million, how it moulded opinion and stirred emotions, what are the secrets of its universal appeal. And he has analyzed the effect of that book—and of its success—upon Harriet Stowe herself, and upon her family, analyzed it with understanding, with deftness, sometimes with malice.

Yet Harriet Beecher Stowe was more than the biographer of "Uncle Tom," the chronicler of "Life among the Lowly," and her contribution was not limited to the abolitionist movement. She was, above all, a religious woman. Her father, her husband, her brothers, her son, were all clergymen. She was raised on theology and the clerical life, and she lived always in this atmosphere. Her earliest memories were

(*Continued on page* 18)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SUBTITLES OF WELL-KNOWN BOOKS

Listed below are the not so well-known subtitles of fifteen well-known books and plays. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points if you can recall either the title of the author of each work, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. **The answers are on page 12.**

1. ----- ---- ----- or Life among the Lowly.
2. ------ ---- A Novel without A Hero.
3. --- ----- ------ -------- or Adventures in a Desert Island.
4. --- ------- -- -------- or The Slave of Duty.
5. ----- ----- A Romance of Exmoor.
6. ----- ----- The Weaver of Raveloe.
7. ------ or Virtue Rewarded.
8. --- --- A Tale of the Christ.
9. ----- -------- A Romance of the Tropical Forest.
10. ------- ----- A Tale of the Riots of 'Eighty.
11. ------- ----- or What You Will.
12. ------- ------- A History of Father and Son.
13. --- --- ---- or The World Well Lost.
14. --- -------- ------ or Contemplative Man's Recreation.
15. --------- or Love Lies A-Bleeding.
16. -------- -- The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.
17. ------ A Comedy of Justice.
18. --- ------ or A Tragedy Rehearsed.
19. ------- or The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.
20. ---- --- -- ----- or Comforting Thoughts about the Bison.

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Redemption, and Then?

THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Rauschning. New York: Alliance Book Corp. 1941. 243 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THIS is a noteworthy book, but also a puzzling one. It is puzzling in relation both to substance and style. It is called the "Redemption of Democracy," but it is less a consideration of democracy than it is the extension of Mr. Rauschning's remarks on Nazism in respect to the current crisis, leading one to suspect that the English title, "The Beast from the Abyss," is perhaps closer to the theme.

When Mr. Rauschning writes about Nazism, he is on home ground and on solid ground, having once been a High-nazi himself and in an excellent position to explain National Socialism, its weaknesses and its strengths, its tactics and its objectives, its personalities; in fact, its inner nature, which he described as the quintessence of negative destruction. But when he writes about democracy, he no longer exercises a virtual monopoly over the subject; as an advocate of democracy, he is a Johnny-come-lately whose new ardor, while especially welcome in view of the disillusion preceding it, must be judged against its background.

The essence of democratic government is the preservation of individual rights against the state, yet Mr. Rauschning continues to think in terms of the super-power state in which the controls over the people are extended and intensified instead of refined or channelled. Democracy can and must become more powerful, yes, but that power must bear a closer relationship to the popular will than Mr. Rauschning seems willing to grant. Nor is it easy to agree with him that, "wherever the typical mass character becomes universal, all higher values are as good as lost." This is complementary to Mr. Rauschning's belief that the rise of the masses is the "deadly menace to civilization"—far more menacing, he says, than the threat of Hitlerism. Either we have faith in the ultimate power of the people, or we don't. If we don't, we've been backing the wrong horse for 150 years.

You can agree with Mr. Rauschning when he urges that we attempt to eliminate the causes of Hitlerism and not concentrate on Hitlerism alone; but you may have your own ideas concerning who should do the eliminating and against whom.

Mr. Rauschning's investigations of democracy lead him to say that the Anglo-Saxon idea of leadership descends "directly" from the medieval institutions. It has been influenced by medieval institutions, certainly, but the source goes back to Solon, Cleisthenes, and Pericles.

Concerning the style: there is a vast improvement over "The Revolution of Nihilism," but the improvement perhaps been carried too far in spots. The literary clothing is not of a piece; parts seem overworked and overstylized, highlighting by contrast the more pedestrian portions of the text. Most of the chapters start off with a running broad jump with highly polished expressions and neatly turned sentences, but once you get into the body of the chapters you find yourself all out of momentum and with plenty of distance to go.

What is of particular value in this book, frankly, are Mr. Rauschning's guesses concerning the possible next moves of the Nazi war machine; his discussion of the strategy of internal disintegration; his account of the long-range war aims of Mr. Hitler. Mr. Rauschning's appeal is as an insider; he is *the* authority on Nazism, and no one can dispute him except the principals themselves. But when he discusses democracy, we become the insiders.

Hermann Rauschning

Hitler Grinds His Axis

AXIS AMERICA: HITLER PLANS OUR FUTURE. By Robert Strausz-Hupé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 274 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD LAVINE

THE crotchety old critter in the star-spangled stovepipe and striped pants, your Uncle Sam and mine, who licked the Indians, the redcoats, the French, the Spaniards, the Mexicans, and (don't tell Adolf Hitler) the Germans, too, hasn't any fight left; no sir, Uncle Sam is through.

There he sits, atop his mountain of ill-gotten gold, reading *Snappy Stories,* and wondering, should he lynch another little colored ragamuffin this afternoon or should he conquer South America? The old cross-patch! He's always lynching colored folk and conquering South America. Yet if Hitler or that other lovely character, Il Duce Mussolini, so much as protect themselves against some assorted Europeans, Uncle Sam, the mealy-mouth, he calls them names. The hypocrite.

The mean old nasty.

Don't take my word for it. The evidence is all in "Axis America." There, Robert Strausz-Hupé, an editor of *Current History* and lecturer in the Department of Political Science at the University of Pennsylvania, lets the factless fascists speak for themselves; and speak they do, raving on through page after page, while Mr. Strausz-Hupé interprets and explains. His quotations are mostly from German and Italian newspapers and from such fascist reliables as "Unser America," in which Colin Ross maintains that we're really *Amerikaner,* you and I, not Americans.

No, the fascists are not crazy. Their aim, says Mr. Strauz-Hupé, is twofold: first, to prop up the morale of their own peoples; second, to encourage the spirit of defeatism in the United States, to convince Americans that fascism is the wave of the future, so why struggle against it?

They haven't convinced many Americans yet. Still, as Mr. Strauz-Hupé remarks, they *have* convinced some. There is that aviator's wife, for example, the poetess, I mean. And there is also an ex-ambassador who squints into the future through opaque glasses and tells us that he finds only darkness ahead. The virus of superstition and fear has infected them: against this fear, says Mr. Strauz-Hupé, the only antidote is "straight and fearless thought." Straight and fearless thought alone can help us keep that militant faith in the individual and in the people which is our real first line of defense against totalitarianism, he says. If Americans "keep this faith their might will shield the Republic and overwhelm its enemies." If they don't, Mr. Strausz-Hupé will see you in Dachau.

Harold Lavine, formerly editorial director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, is the author of "Fifth Column in America."

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The Saturday Review
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND FACTS

EVERY so often there appears a book which arouses violent controversy as to its authenticity, of which many will say this obviously is truth, and others, this can but be fabrication. It is not the intention of *The Saturday Review* to enter into the discussion which is now waging around Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night" or to mention it except as a springboard to general comment. But it does give rise to certain reflections on the nature of both autobiographical and imaginative writing.

Of all the categories of writing, autobiography is the one in which the author is least likely to be ignorant of the facts of which he weaves his narrative, for they are the facts of his own experience. He, if anyone, should know the exact lineaments of the adventure, or emotion, or achievement he is portraying. And yet how rarely can any individual reproduce in precisely their original aspects the happenings of his past. Time has crusted them over with a finish that is compounded of the events themselves and of the feelings by which they were attended, or which they have assumed in recollection.

Inevitably, as an author turns to autobiography, his mind begins a selective process. He must winnow his past to separate from the chaff of the commonplace the wheat of the significant. And as surely as he starts on this process his chronicle begins to diverge in emphasis from the actual tale of his days. The more artist he is, the more he drops into the background the incident that is merely repetition, the hours that follow one another in likeness of routine and duplication of happening, and the larger looms the piquant, or the striking, or the notable. Once his background is drawn, and the encircling surroundings and daily companions of his life sketched in, his interest is in the unusual and not the humdrum of his experience. Or, if it is the usual, it is in those episodes of the usual which have taken on special importance through poignance of emotion. No one relives his life in memory precisely as it unfolded, for, having lived through its episodes, he is no longer the man who experienced them, but the new man whose color of mind and temper of feeling have been molded by them. Take death, the greatest commonplace of life; who that has suffered bereavement can ever again so regard it, or separate the plain fact of death from the emotions it evoked? And so, in lesser degree with other incidents of a life; there are moments that stand out in memory not in the strict proportions of their actual importance but in the significance with which feeling has invested them, like those lovely, fleeting instants when, who knows because of what hidden chemical or spiritual catalysis, the universe seems to tremble on the edge of revealing itself. It is not deliberate falsification which leads an author to warp the contour of a happening from its actual form but his inability to divest it of the trappings which his own fancy and feelings have spun about it. This hour, this day, this attitude which may seem to the reader to diverge from truth, to the author's mind may seem the very essence of truth.

There is, of course, another side to the shield. If what is exaggeration can be truth, what is fact without imagination to bring it into focus can be untruth. And here is more often the pitfall of the novelist than of the autobiographer. It is, we think, what made so much of the fiction of the post-war decades, for all its earnestness, for all its effort to be veracious, a partially misleading portrayal of the period. For here, by insistent emphasis on ugly facts alone, without an attempt to depict contrasting or ameliorating ones, was frequently painted a picture thrust out of truth by its one-sidedness. The sad young men of the twenties, who saw their world as diseased and ruthless, saw it dislocated because they looked through blinkers. Outside their range of vision lay a world that contained health as well as infection, kindliness as well as cruelty, hope as well as despair.

There was an America that for all its faults was still a young and powerful and confident nation, which deserved better of truth than that it be presented in its worst aspects only. Yet these writers were striving for veracity, and writing with photographic exactitude. But between their portrayal and that of the less myopic writer was the difference that exists between the camera picture and the successful painting. The one caught with precision the outward seeming, the other revealed the personality in its more manifold aspects. What counts in life, as in warfare, is the imponderables. It is the imponderables which quicken fiction to reality and, become part and parcel of experience in the remembrance of things past, at times deflect autobiography from the actual.

A. L.

Detective Story

By Emily Mosser Tompkins

YOU are the agent and the victim both:
The unloved, staring corpse; and the unknown
Who stopped the clock, undid the telephone,
And hid the knife beneath an obvious oath.
And then you come, with lenses in your ears,
And iron gloves, and little time to spare,
To test the axioms, prove the weight of air,
Astound the bailiff, and mock the butcher's tears.

You wonder if you must betray your friend;
You wonder if the gardener loves the cook;
Then find the sexton leafing through your book,
And shout "I know!", and race him to the end,
Where, dreaming "to be," knowing no word for "late,"
The level prisoner and the tall ghost wait.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Watson Was A Woman"

SIR: It's all damned nonsense. Of course Dr. Watson wasn't a woman, any more than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a woman. ["Watson Was A Woman," by Rex Stout, *The Saturday Review,* March 1.] And besides, most women like Dr. Watson better than they do Sherlock Holmes, and that's proof enough. And besides, what woman in those Victorian days would have carried a service revolver from Indian days, or could have gone down to Baskerville Hall, as he (or she) did, and defied all the conventions and no questions asked? And where would a woman of those days get all her knowledge of medicine and medical schools, where women weren't allowed, and Sherlock Holmes wouldn't have told her. The only argument that would hold water, and Rex Stout didn't use it, was the fact that Sherlock was always saying "Elementary, my dear Watson." Moreover, I've been listening to those stories over the radio, and neither of us would have Dr. John H. Watson changed into Irene Watson for the world—it would change everything! Watson is the better character of the two, the more loved and respected, and absolutely the *realer* of the twain.

RAYMOND G. FULLER.
New York City.

SIR: It was my historic privilege to sit on Rex Stout's right hand when he first propounded his Sherlockian heresy to a group of stunned Irregulars.

Profoundly as I disagree with his abstractions, I rejoiced then, as I rejoice now, that even such subversive utterances as these can be borne with calmness and tolerance in an America which is still free.

Mr. Stout is a gentleman and a scholar, despite the evidence to the contrary. But I can scarcely say the same of the make-up man who was responsible for the illustrations employed to enlighten Mr. Stout's article in your pages. The sainted William Gillette would have looked more like Holmes if he were not trying to look like Holmes looking like a non-conformist clergyman. But the culminating indignity is the title which appears under the picture: "Mr. Holmes and his gasogene." Gasogene my eye! It's either an acetylene torch or a renovated bicycle lamp, and something, certainly, that no self-respecting resident of Baker Street would care to use to accomplish the dilution of his whisky.

EDGAR W. SMITH.
New York City.

Editor's Note: Cut and caption from the authentic "Original Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

"No, thanks. Just browsing."

Show of Hands, Please

SIR:—Reading Oswald Garrison Villard's interesting letter on the film "Santa Fe Trail" [*SRL,* March 1], I am struck by the need for mature criticism of our popular arts, which flourish almost untutored, vigorously adolescent, but sorely lack the kind of guidance the *SRL* provides in the realm of books.

That motion pictures, plays, and radio series frequently possess literary or documentary elements, glossed over in journalistic reviews and gossip colums, is not to be denied. You have recognized this fact by printing occasional articles, features such as Mr. Burton's weekly movie dissertation of last year, and editorials including Elmer Davis's on "The Great Dictator" to which I replied in a letter printed in one of your December issues.

It seems to me that more—and more specific—discussions of the literary content of the popular arts would fall well within the scope of the *SRL.* I should like to see a regular department on motion pictures, the stage, and radio, written by a variety of specialists, each qualified to discuss a different aspect of the subject. Your staff of reviewers includes just the men who are wanted. I suggest that you call upon them regularly, to criticize movie and radio adaptations, thematic ideas, historicity, characterizations, settings.

FREDERIC R. GUNSKY.
San Francisco.

Information, Please

SIR:—Could I enlist your help in some research in American judicial history? A native of Charleston, South Carolina, William Johnson rose at the age of 32 to the Supreme Court where for 30 years until his death in 1834 he parried opinions with John Marshall. Johnson indulged his interests in manifold fields, among them, biography. His published writings include a life of General Nathaniel Greene and numerous pamphlets.

Could anyone assist in the location of Johnson correspondence, other private papers, pamphlets, and newspaper items? Materials or clues will be suitably acknowledged and gratefully appreciated.

DONALD G. MORGAN.
Trinity College,
Hartford, Conn.

Hamlin Garland Exhibit

SIR: A few dates in the present academic year are still available for showings of the Hamlin Garland Literary Exhibit, which is now in the charge of Miami University. Any librarians or museum directors who are interested should write to the undersigned.

ELDON C. HILL.
Assistant Professor of English.
Miami University,
Oxford, Ohio

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American Test-Tube

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY. By Alfred Winslow Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 397 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

THIS is a most encouraging book. Not only does it show that the great majority of people in this country approach the basic questions of social policy in a spirit of compromise and with a willingness to reason, but it also shows that commonsense is stronger than propaganda. Neither the *Daily Worker* nor *Social Justice* will like the book and what it tells about the spirit of the American people. It is a convincing testimonial to the strength of democracy among the common people.

Mr. Jones set out two years ago to question the people of Akron, Ohio, on their attitudes toward the conflict between human rights and property rights which underlies so much of the New Deal. He did not ask them abstract questions, he did not use abstract terms like "property rights," he presented the persons questioned with a set of six highly concrete and specific stories, right out of the newspaper headlines.

Obviously, people must differ in their reactions according to their economic status, because the higher the economic status the greater the direct stake in property and especially in corporate property which formed the object of Mr. Jones's enquiry. However, even the property-less—the unskilled workers on relief—did not take an extremist or dogmatic attitude, but were inclined to approach every single question in a spirit of reasonable compromise and with the intention of giving adequate due to both human rights and property rights. Most symptomatic of the general trend of this study are the results of the attempt to determine to whom in the opinion of the people, corporate profits should go. Of the ten possibilities given, the greatest preference was shown for "A small limited amount to the stockholders, the rest as a proportional bonus to all employees of the company." "The stockholders alone" was given second rating, and tied with "employees including management on equal shares." "The workers of the world" were put in the last place, and this, the correct answer for communists, was given as first choice only by one per cent of those questioned.

The conclusion that the American people—or at least the people in an industrial city torn by labor strife and suffering badly from the Depression—are not willing to accept extremism of any kind is, however, subject to one reservation: there was one group which was definitely extremist and did not admit the possibility or the desirability of any compromise. They are what Mr. Jones calls the "magnates," the top executives of the big business companies, of the rubber companies and the banks who, almost without exception, put corporate property rights over all other human rights and who definitely refused to make the slightest concession even in the presence of outright starvation. It is a well-known observation that the very rich adhere far more closely to the Marxist pattern, are far more class-conscious and far more committed to class war than the very poor; but the striking disparity between the views of the very rich and the views of all other classes as revealed by Mr. Jones is so great, that it seems an open question to what extent management in its attitude to social questions really reflects the wishes and political opinions of the stockholders, most of whom belong to the middle classes.

The one serious criticism that could be made against Mr. Jones's study is that it over-emphasizes extremism. Akron has had a particularly bitter labor history in recent years. Yet Mr. Jones's questions center on labor strife where partisan feeling is, or at least was, two years ago, particularly strong, and where both sides were inclined to take absolute stands.

But this criticism does not really affect Mr. Jones, who set out to investigate corporate property. His point that corporate property is a basic innovation of our present-day industrial civilization is certainly a good one; and his book, though it stands squarely on the shoulders of such pioneers as "Middletown" and Elmo Roper's *Fortune* Surveys, is a highly original, extremely readable, and fascinating study of American political beliefs.

In Search of Utopia

QUEST. By George Dibbern. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1941. 421 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

THIS is a strange and, to a certain degree, a disturbing book. Actually, it is more of a spiritual autobiography than the account of a "vagabond at sea" as George Dibbern likes to style himself. To that extent the title "Quest" is indicative. Yet before many pages are turned the reader becomes aware that Dibbern, himself, is confused and none too sure of the particular nature of his searching.

There are many Dibberns in the world today, maladjusted and unhappy, perplexed and lost in a world of conflicting social and political ideologies. This one tried to escape, first from the unemployment and poverty and hopelessness of Germany in 1930, and later from other harsh and irksome realities. To him the answer seemed to be to leave his wife and children in a poor suburb of Berlin, and to set sail on a barely seaworthy ketch half around the world to New Zealand where once he had lived and of which he had adolescently romantic memories. The present book is an account of that voyage, which took years in the making.

Yet if you are looking for a tale of the sea, you will not find it in this book. Dibbern claims to love the sea and its diverse moods, and possibly this is true. But if that love existed, then it was a warped and selfish love, for to Dibbern being a sailor meant no more than holding the tiller while a harassed and over-worked companion did the dirty work of the moment. Dibbern had no time nor inclination for navigation or keeping his craft ship-shape. Sea gulls befouled the decks while he read the New Testament or pondered on the moodiness of his mate. In the end it becomes increasingly apparent that Dibbern's quest is for some nebulous Utopia where responsibilities do not exist.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 363)

ROMAIN ROLLAND:
L. VAN BEETHOVEN

Beloved Beethoven! When we are utterly exhausted in the eternal battle uselessly waged against mediocrity, vice, and virtue, it is an unspeakable boon to find fresh strength in this great ocean-torrent of strong will and faith.

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Story of the Old South

BY THE DIM LAMPS. By Nathan Schachner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1941. 578 *pp.* $2.75.

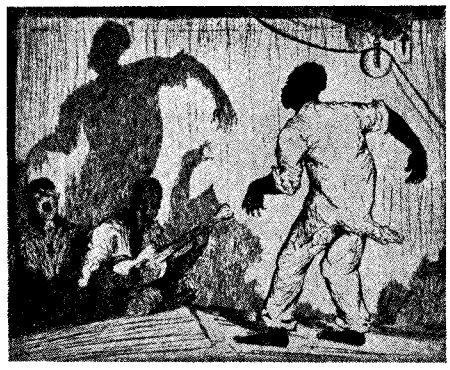
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

NATHAN SCHACHNER has added his separate careers as writer of adventure stories and as historian together in this swift-moving mixture of melodramatic fiction and the history of war and Reconstruction in Louisiana to make another entertaining, lively version of the story of that Old South which disappeared and the difficult new one which emerged. It is a story of brave and self-indulgent men, of long-suffering, sharp-tongued women, of the rare level-headed man and a whole world of ladies and scalawags, simple Negroes and voodoo plotters, of gamblers, planters, generals, and carpetbaggers of an almost riotously changing South.

It is not unfair to Mr. Schachner's book, I think, to say that he has written a sort of Louisiana "Gone with the Wind." Its theme is the same story of the plunging change of the older order into the new one, though his picture of the pre-Civil War South as seen in terms of Andy Hilgard's poorly tended acres and young Dabney Wailes's juvenile arrogance is less impressive in terms of glory than Margaret Mitchell's plantation Georgia was. But its hero and heroine, Hugh Flint, the unromantic pragmatic Southerner, and proud, sharp-spoken Sally Wailes, are almost too suggestive of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara to survive in fiction with identities of their own. Mr. Schachner's history and the historical figures who come out of it into his book are different certainly from history and its men in Georgia. That past time, if possible, was more violent, more vari-colored, along the big river, by the canefields, along Canal Street. In Louisiana was not only Sherman (as a pleasant pre-war schoolteacher), but also Beast Butler and his eminently practical brother. They made not only war but money. They could understand even a trade involving guns with the Confederates if it also involved cash. And after them cash and carpetbaggers, Negroes and boodle, sinister black men and drunken white ones make the menaces, the changes, the fears which beset a love story in that Louisiana.

Mr. Schachner, as historian, has apparently gone to great pains to tell with exactness the story of these times. Every detail of research seems sound and yet every detail seems also the stage set for the story of Hugh Flint, factor's son, who as Southern graduate of Princeton loved the South without believing in its cause or sharing the lovely delusions of such aristocrats as Sally Wailes who scorned his cool head in hot-hearted times. It is a long, exciting way to their happy ending across escape from murderous Negroes maddened by voodoo and freedom, by rapacious soldiery and the wild contentions of radicals, moderates and conservatives in Reconstruction. For pure pleasure in reading it is an adventurous way but it is also a dramatic progress which history, though accurate in its details, is made to ride like hell for romance.

Mr. Schachner has written a lively book about a violent time. He does not go very deeply into either human hearts or history but he does make satisfying excitement, credible adventure, good story. And almost all of it would be magnificent in technicolor.



Etching by William H. Drury
"Dancing Stevedores"

Benson Studios
Helen Abbott Beals

New England in Transition

THE RIVER RISES. By Helen Abbott Beals. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 473 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS is recommended to all Harold Bell Wright, "One Foot In Heaven," Marie Corelli, Lloyd Douglas audiences—as an antidote. It is also recommnded as a great picture of Massachusetts New England in transition and as a fine, rich drama, with about as good invention, structure, struggle, and humor as anyone is likely to find in a story of modern New England. If this seems enthusiasm, make the most of it; *i.e.,* read the book yourself.

David Meade is a parson in a fair town; he is an excellent preacher, very amusing and with all the tricks, but it comes to him subconsciously—he is too much an introvert to recognize that he is irritable, selfish, neurotic, and generally astigmatic for the benefit of his own inferiorities—that there is a discontent in his life. The discontent consists about equally of these pricklings and of the presence of his very agreeable and acquiescent wife, who soothes him out of the resources of her amiable and objective superiority; soothes him, but infuriates him when he realizes that her talents for life are better than his own sour retreats from a pleasant conduct of which he is not capable.

He has a good church which tries to keep him when he decides to return to a much smaller position in his home town—a retreat to the egg, as psychiatrists know it. His excuse is that the parsonage in the better town has a stifling psychic influence on him; then to justify this fancy he has to add that it keeps him from writing his book; then to explain the whole business he has to invent the book, which he does not too cleverly as a double explanation supported by his pastoral success. This covers his whole introvert retreat: he wants to write a book; the book validates his suggestion that the house has oppressive influences; the influences prevent his writing the book.

This whole intricate motive is done with great skill, almost completely in terms of character and dialogue, without any of the technical analysis that is suggested in these paragraphs. The book never gets closer to mental science than some suggestions from homely people that the charming and long-suffering wife should "take care" of her gifted husband, which she does with more patience than could ordinarily be expected from anyone but an intelligent and amiable woman who has slightly confused the good preacher and the feeble, egotistical husband.

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Vermont Setting

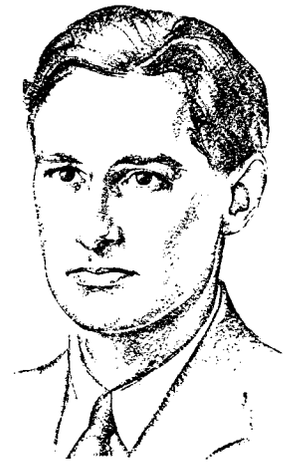
LIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 318 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

A VERMONT setting is both an asset and a liability to a novel. Anybody who knows the state is going to be curious to see how it is treated and wants to be pleased. On the other hand, anybody who has ever gone there thinks he already knows about it and may resent not having his own views confirmed. That is probably because Vermont both carries its own legend and leaves you free to make one up to suit yourself.

The Gaunt family of Mr. Brace's latest novel of New England lives in Western Vermont, over Rutland way. Western Vermont, you will think when you read it, must be different. At least the Gaunts are different from the neighbors on your side. They seem to have more money, though they have little enough. They buy more store goods in Rutland than your folks can afford to bring home from St. Johnsbury, they have electric lights and hot water and a bathroom, and in the course of the novel put up a four-car garage with a concrete floor, although they own just a truck and a pleasure car Morton Gaunt bought with five hundred dollars reward money for turning in a wanted man. They have a radio. Their cash crop, like most farmers', is milk, but they gather it asleep over his farm journal by kerosene lamps, has just two Delco-lighted bulbs in his barn, leaves his truck out in back of the house, owns no family car, but he can milk four of his cows at one time with a gasoline-driven motor. Those differences don't matter. Folks spend their money, when they get any, as differently in Vermont as they do anywhere else. Probably more so.

What does matter is evidence to prove this is Vermont and nowhere else. And that, except for Mr. Brace's superb landscape painting, we do not have. When he describes the snow and the sky and the mountains, when he sends us through the dark green woods with Henry or Sylvia, when he takes us to an abandoned house on a



Gerald Warner Brace

hill where an old Vermont woman had hopelessly awaited the return of a wandering husband, we go every step of the beloved roads, unquestioning. But almost never do the characters seem what they are because of where they are. In a novel of Vermont that is bound to appear serious.

The narrative falls into four divisions. The first frames the family portrait as observed mainly by the poetic Henry, who has been away to college and who is trying to decide whether he wants to stay home or go back. The unpleasant older brother Morton takes up Part II (and very dull it is, too); to the nice little sister Sylvia is assigned Part III, and in the fourth section we come back to the family again to watch it fall irrevocably apart. We are supposed to date the breakup from the moment when the crude and vulgar Morton unexpectedly brings his ill-chosen bride home, but we are not convinced. The seeds of disintegration lie within the family itself, in its divided loyalties and its essential incompatibilities. The potential drama in such a situation is, however, hardly utilized at all. Things go on and then they stop, but no incident is particularly significant, and none seems to grow inevitably out of any other.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2. "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray.
3. "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Johann Wyss.
4. "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. S. Gilbert.
5. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
6. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
7. "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson.
8. "Ben Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace.
9. "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson.
10. "Barnaby Rudge," by Charles Dickens.
11. "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare.
12. "Richard Feverel," by George Meredith.
13. "All For Love," by John Dryden.
14. "The Compleat Angler," by Izaac Walton.
15. "Philaster," by Beaumont and Fletcher.
16. "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley.
17. "Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell.
18. "The Critic," by Richard Brimsley Sheridan.
19. "Evelina," by Fanny Burney.
20. "From Bed to Worse," by Robert Benchley.

Six New Yorkers

ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER DAY. By John Klempner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 355 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

MR. KLEMPNER has drawn very sympathetically and attractively half-a-dozen quiet people trying to make some sort of lives for themselves in present-day New York, less worried about the mechanics of living than about the means of achieving moral satisfaction and the illusion of human dignity. His heroine, Connie Rawlings, is a very forthright young woman, disturbed by her love for a young playwright whose views and behavior offend her but whose vitality and self-confidence attract her. Against the warnings of her sister and of 'Hank Brady, her friend; in spite of her own uncertainties and reluctance she finds herself rousing out a Justice of the Peace one night and being married to Dale Edwin. She keeps on with her job in the advertising department of a department store, and Dale stays home, presumably working on his plays, but idling around the Village most of the time, and, before very long, sleeping around the Village. When, through a fluke, he sells a one-act play to Hollywood for twenty thousand dollars, his life with Connie becomes less and less satisfactory to them both, and following a brutal automobile accident, resulting from his attempted seduction of a friend's fiancée, there is a divorce, and Connie is free to be with the man who really loves and understands her.

Connie herself, her sister Martha, Martha's husband, Hank Brady, and even Dale's literary agent are warm, believable, likeable people: a little implausibly articulate, but genuine in their hopes and fears and in their behavior toward one another. Dale Edwin, however, the "creative artist," is a ludicrously distorted caricature, and one whose falseness does violence to Mr. Klempner's entire book. By making Dale a rat, Mr. Klempner has begged what might have been the very real question of his book: Connie's problem is not that of a "working wife" married to a clean, devoted, honest man. She is a good girl married to a bum, and that is unfortunate but not worthy any particular subtleties of consideration and discussion. Somewhere Mr. Klempner has shifted from a serious approach to a serious theme into a piece of women's magazine light fiction, and the incongruity manages to be surprisingly disturbing.

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American Composite

HOW AMERICA LIVES. By James C. Furnas and the Staff of Ladies Home Journal. *New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1941. 372 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THIS book is a heavily sugar-coated dose of American sociology, and the sugar-coating will make the children cry for it. For it is a most interesting book, and despite the fact that it is also a most important one, it is easy reading. Anyone can read it who has passed the seventh grade in the American school system.

Here is what the book really is: a serious, intelligent, painstaking attempt to make a picture of the American home as it exists in fourteen stratifications of American social and economic life. The whole jelly-cake, with the fourteen layers, does make a fairly good representation of the kinds of homes and the kinds of economic environment which, all together, make a composite of American life. From the bottom group, the Henry Braceys, a Negro tenant-farmer family in Mississippi, and the James Daniel O'Brien family, on relief in Brooklyn, we climb upward on the jelly-cake, through the various layers, until we come to the Thomas E. Wilsons, in a fashionable suburb near Chicago. Mr. Wilson is head of a great packing house, and, if there are plutocrats in American life, they are the plutocrats, and the story of their home and their way of life is wisely chosen as the layer with the frosting on it. However, it might be said that the decorative candies on top of the frosting in American life might easily have been pictured by portraying the lives of the really idle rich; those who live in the big hotels in the seaboard cities, who have homes on Long Island, who gravitate to Florida in the winter and ordinarily go to Europe in the summer, those to whom divorce is a minor event which they take in their stride, as they flit from one love affair to another, as they play golf on different fields or polo in different environments—the idle, careless, arrogant, irresponsible rich. They, the decorative candy on the frosting of the layer cake, are missing from this sociological confection.

Of course, it was fair enough to leave them out, for in the census of 130,000,000 people in this country, that outfit is a negligible per cent of our population, probably less than three per cent, most likely less than one per cent. So it may be honestly said that this book, which gives us a clear look into the homes of fourteen kinds of American families does in truth and reality give the reader an honest view of American life and how we live. It is all here. Probably the average American home is depicted on the cover of the book, a photograph of a country town, with its arched elms, with its bordering homes built with the bad architecture of the '80s and '90s, and the square houses of the first decade of this century. In these homes, under these arching elms, in the midst of wide, flower-bordered blue grass yards, live the people in the income groups from $1,000 a year to $5,000. Here is the middle class, and the authors of the book have, of course, given a considerable part of the space to middle class people and their homes—the young engineer in Schenectady, the business executive of Dallas, the citrus farmer of California, the merchant prince of Burlington, Vermont, the Grade A farmer of Minnesota, the football coach of Bloomington, Indiana, the retired railroad man of St. Petersburg, Florida, living with great comfort and much happiness on his pension.

This is a sampling of middle class America, and the stories of these middle-class homes are really authentic. A dramatist could take any one of these homes out of the book without the slightest change and make it the background of a play, and write the scenario from any of those sketches of American middle class life. And, for that matter, the marginal families, like the rich Wilsons and the poor Gillespies, are described with precision and understanding. Here is no attempt to weep over the under-privileged, nor to hiss at the privileged American. Their lives are set down without emotion.

The book is a sincere and successful attempt to tell about the way of life in America.

The authors of the book are declared on the title page to be "James C. Furnas and the staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal,*" which means that it is a synthetic job. The book does not represent one man's slant. Here are stories written from several view points, and the effect is remarkably illuminating. The reader gets the impression that this book is honest, and he closes it feeling that his time has been well spent in reading it. For when he closes the book he will know more about America than the average man could possibly know from his own experience. This is one of the few composite books that really remain composite and not jumbled up. The authors have done what they started out to do. And it was well worth doing.

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The Devil's Idlers

COMMEND THE DEVIL. By Howard Coxe. *New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce.* 1941. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

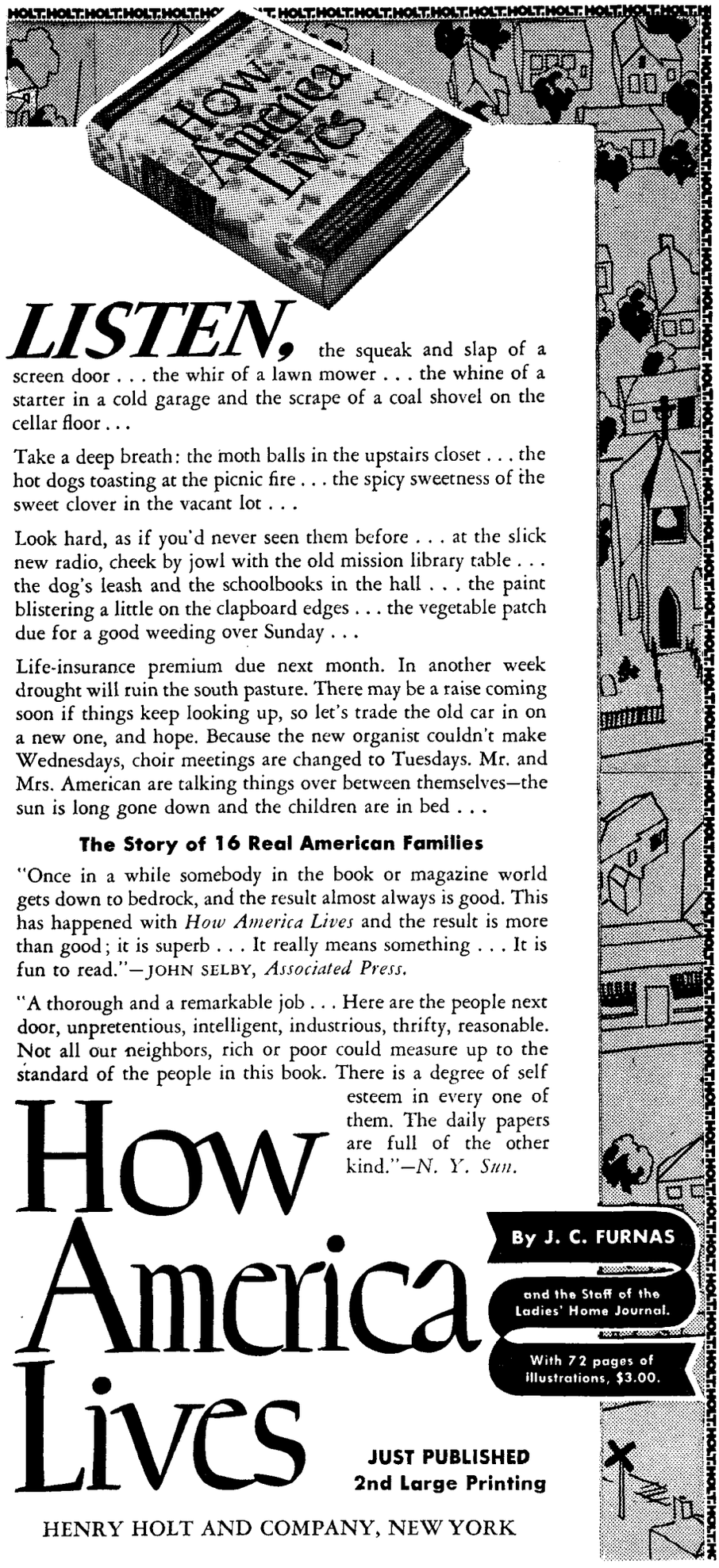
Reviewed by CARSON MCCULLERS

THIS last book by Howard Coxe is another story of a lost generation. The setting is a quiet suburban town near New York. The time is the summer preceding the present World War. The general tone of the book is reminiscent of F. Scott Fitzgerald; the young people in "Commend the Devil" are as jaded, as perplexed, and as wasted as the sad young men of 1918. Although there is much talk of economic generalities the effect on the reader is one of confusion.

The story opens with the mental peregrinations of Carlotta Farragut, a well-to-do and domineering woman who worries much over her two grown children and has good reason to do so. Within the first pages Joel Farragut, her son, who is in his early twenties, returns unexpectedly from a tuberculosis sanitorium in the West because he has become bored. Also, her daughter, Evie, has recently married a shiftless young drunkard, chiefly in order to assert her independence to her mother. A frequent visitor is Frank Smith, a boy who was disfigured while fighting for the Republic of Spain. All the young people are idle, and they chatter and drink a good deal.

The first hint of melodrama comes when Frank Smith has a visitor, Ed Tondus, who had also fought in Spain and who is connected with the Communist Party. From then on their terrace seances take a sudden twist. There is a freighter docked at Boston with a cargo of gun-cotton and ethyl fluid which is soon to leave for Germany. The idea comes to them to dynamite the boat, smuggling in a timed explosive to destroy the freighter at sea. Joel and Evie enter into this conspiracy with cynical vivacity. What is more they actually manage to carry the scheme through to its finish. At the end they are shielded by Carlotta Farragut, who has watched over her children with anxious exasperation all their lives. In the last lines, when Joel hears the news of their success and of their salvation he wonders what he can do to keep from being bored that winter and helps himself to sherry.

The tone of the book is wholly casual. Throughout the most melodramatic episodes the author maintains a style that borders on flippancy. From the point of pure craftsmanship the story is neatly done. But on the whole the book is shallow, and it presents an image of life that has been projected more vividly many times before.



LISTEN, the squeak and slap of a screen door . . . the whir of a lawn mower . . . the whine of a starter in a cold garage and the scrape of a coal shovel on the cellar floor . . .

Take a deep breath: the moth balls in the upstairs closet . . . the hot dogs toasting at the picnic fire . . . the spicy sweetness of the sweet clover in the vacant lot . . .

Look hard, as if you'd never seen them before . . . at the slick new radio, cheek by jowl with the old mission library table . . . the dog's leash and the schoolbooks in the hall . . . the paint blistering a little on the clapboard edges . . . the vegetable patch due for a good weeding over Sunday . . .

Life-insurance premium due next month. In another week drought will ruin the south pasture. There may be a raise coming soon if things keep looking up, so let's trade the old car in on a new one, and hope. Because the new organist couldn't make Wednesdays, choir meetings are changed to Tuesdays. Mr. and Mrs. American are talking things over between themselves—the sun is long gone down and the children are in bed . . .

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Author, Author!

LOOK Out, Mr. Karloff. *Julie Kernan,* author, translator, and editor, was having an argument recently with her aunt, a sprightly lady who is approaching ninety. Because her aunt was making extremely acid remarks on some subject Miss Kernan kidded her, "Come, come, you sound just like 'Arsenic and Old Lace.'" "Where," the spirited old lady demanded, "do you get that old lace stuff?"

Freckles and Nazis. *Vera Kelsey* ("Seven Keys to Brazil") was greeted on her recent return to Rio de Janeiro by an angry and ill-mannered attack in an editorial in the Nazi-subsidized *Gazeta de Noticias.* It was all because Miss Kelsey had written an innocent one-thousand-word article for *Publishers' Weekly* on Brazilian books that should be translated for U. S. readers. The piece was widely reprinted in Brazil. The Nazi paper did not approve of her choice of books and proceeded to take Miss Kelsey and all North Americans over the bumps, winding up with the charge that Miss Kelsey has black eyes and freckles. The author admits to the freckles but claims that her eyes are grey and the *Gazeta de Noticias* will have to make the best of them. Miss Kelsey's forthcoming book is a mystery story laid in Brazil, "The Owl Sang Three Times."

One Man Factory. *August Derleth,* whose next book, out at the end of this month, is "Village Year: a Sac Prairie Journal," is one of the most prolific writers living. At the age of fifteen (He's only thirty-one now) Mr. Derleth began publishing stories. His output includes practically every known variety of writing, from pulp magazine stories to volumes of poetry, biography, and serious novels. During the past two years he has published a round dozen of books. Derleth claims he turns out about a million words a year. Along with all this, he finds time to give a six-weeks course in American regional literature, the first of its kind, at the University of Wisconsin.

Travel Notes. *Alberta Pierson Hannum* ("The Gods and One") has been in New York shopping and seeing her publishers. She will go to Columbus, where she was born, for festivities in honor of the publication of her novel. Mrs. Hannum now lives in the Carolina mountains which furnish the background for most of her work. *Carson McCullers* ("Reflections in a Golden Eye") is spending the winter in her native Georgia. *Betty Bacon Blunt* ("Bet It's a Boy") is spending March in Sarasota, Florida.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

(*Continued from page 4*)

other poems which the magazines would not take. So his plight is not quite as bad as it may sound.)

Single volumes of verse by excellent poets can be almost wholly neglected by the public. It is quite possible to issue a book of poems about which you, as an editor, are really enthusiastic, and not manage to sell even as many as 300 copies of it in the first year. And I suspect that the average sale of single volumes of poetry, good or bad, is well under a thousand copies. Any printer will testify how seldom he has to repair to his vaults to take out the plates (if the publisher made plates at all) of, say, Homer W. Zilch's "The Bright Arrows Are Bent"—to coin an author and title—for the purpose of a second edition. Somewhere in the repertory of almost every publisher's sales manager is the story of what Mr. Max Salop said to him when the sales manager offered him the remaining 489 unsold copies of "The Bright Arrows." Mr. Salop, I should explain, operates the Harlem Book Company, a firm which buys up the books that you later see in drug stores euphemistically placarded as "publisher's overstock." Mr. Salop is not enthusiastic about poetry remain-

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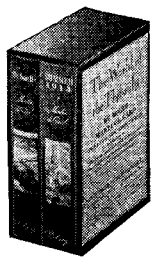

For the first time in English, the complete text of the eleven French volumes which won for their author The Nobel Prize. The first—and smaller—section, *The Thibaults,* was published here in 1939. Readers of that volume may obtain the new volume, *Summer 1914,* separately at $3.50.

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ders. Nobody is enthusiastic about poetry remainders.

So it is unfortunately all too easy for a poet to receive, instead of that $2,500 advance to which I pointed with pride earlier in this essay, no advance at all, and total royalties of less than a hundred dollars. These are the experiences which are apt to be remembered when the talk of authors and publishers turns to the question of poetry. Sometimes they are genuinely bitter memories. For instance:

TWO years or so ago, we imported a book of poetry in sheets from England. It was a volume of hitherto unknown and unpublished canticles by Christopher Smart, the eighteenth century poet best known for his "A Song to David." We did not expect much of this book, but we felt that its innate merit and its importance to scholars and literary historians would repay our importation and binding costs, neither of which were excessive. Thus far we have sold exactly fifty-nine copies of "Rejoice in the Lamb." But Mr. Salop, the remainder man, isn't going to get that one! Not if we have to hang on to it for fifty years. And we probably will.

It seems to me that books of verse which fail entirely are apt to fall into one of two classes. The first class includes the works of the poets whom I personally like to think of as "special." Now the literary judgments of editors are notoriously warped. We stand halfway between the public and the author, and we have to try to look both ways at once without getting wall-eyed in the process. This is quite a trick, but from what I've been able to discern out of the corners of my own eyes, I suspect that a lot of modern poets don't care anything at all for the reader. These are the "special" poets, and they seem to be living in an unreal little world of their own in which they do not at all regard a poem in the same light in which every editor has to regard every piece of writing, which is as an act of communication. It is no part of my job in this essay to put my finger on the modern poets who are not attempting to communicate with the reader, but they will know whom I mean by looking at their semi-annual royalty statements.

Leaving aside the poetry which fails simply because it is unsuccessful in its own right, like a poor novel or a clumsy work of non-fiction, there remains other kind of poetry which fails, and I think undeservedly. These are the early books by poets who later establish themselves, both by subsequent performance and by the readers' own reappraisals, as fine poets, but whose books when they first appeared were almost wholly neglected. The majority of our most important poets fall into this group. Robert Frost's early work had to be recognized first in England, and only slowly caught on in his native country. The fate of Poe's initial book of poetry is well known and accounts for its enormous value in the rare-book market. Carl Sandburg's first two books, though they have sold well over a long period of time, got off to what might modestly be described as a slow start. And there is the classic history of what happened to "A Shropshire Lad," which was for several years a complete and utter publishing failure.

The commercial failure of this kind of book is the hardest thing in the world for the poet to take, and it isn't exactly fun for his publisher. Why does it happen?

Like so many other human evils,

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it seems to originate in a vicious circle. When the publisher's salesman goes out on the road with Mr. Zilch's "The Bright Arrows Are Bent," he encounters the bookseller. The American bookseller, with a few magnificent exceptions, is not interested in poetry *until after it has become established.* He will order numerous advance copies of "The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman" or, as in our case this spring, "The Collected Poems of Walter de la Mare." He knows there is a waiting market for books of poetry like this. But his customers never heard of Mr. Zilch and "The Bright Arrows," and modern bookselling has more important problems to face than the one of building up a clientele for new books of verse. So he does not bother to order any copies of the book. In this decision he is at one with almost all his fellow booksellers. The total advance by publication day is, let us say, less than 200 copies. And any book buyer who reads a review of "The Bright Arrows" and thinks he might want it will not find it in his local bookstore. He will have to pay in advance and wait a week or two for the book itself to arrive. In the face of this situation the publisher knows better than to advertise.

Meantime, however, a select few people have heard about "The Bright Arrows." Mr. Louis Untermeyer, to whom American poetry publishing is most heavily indebted, has seen the book and decided to include three poems in it in an anthology for high schools which Harcourt, Brace has currently commissioned. Several dozen libraries have decided that "The Bright Arrows" may be literature, and they order copies from the wholesalers within six months or a year. Mr. Zilch gradually acquires a few thousand readers. But the growth of Mr. Zilch's reputation, and of his sales, will always resemble that of the pearl in an oyster, infinitely slow and originating in irritation.

So it goes. Good poetry is nothing which can be established in the minds and memories of people by publishers' ballyhoo. It takes any amount of time and patience. People have to find it for themselves. The poet has to be introduced to his ultimate readers through anthologies, both school and general, through the magazines where his work first appears, on radio broadcasts, and in a dozen other ways. It has to prove itself against the claims of the special poets and the absence of that synthetic glamor which surrounds the current best-selling novel. But in the end, it seems fairly plain that a lot of American poets arrive at a real audience and a decent living. When that happens, there is a reward for their publishers as well.

There is one final point worth bearing in mind about the publication of poetry as a business enterprise today. A good many excellent writers begin as poets, or write poetry along with stories and novels, very early in their careers. Poe has already been mentioned, but Stephen Vincent Benét, Carl Sandburg, Carl Carmer, Conrad Aiken, Hervey Allen, and Christopher Morley were published poets early in their careers. I don't know about the rest of you gentlemen, but I could do pretty well with a list the nucleus of which was just those names. If you will throw in Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robinson Jeffers, and Archibald MacLeish, I think we can guarantee dividends pretty nearly every year!

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RHYMED RUMINATIONS

"CRUSADER IN CRINOLINE"

(*Continued from page* 6)

of the parsonage in Litchfield; her formative years were passed at the Lane Theological Seminary, her maturity at the Andover Seminary. More fully than any other literary figure she was the chronicler of New England Puritanism—and its champion. Critics are agreed that her "best" book was not "Uncle Tom" but "Oldtown Folks" or "The Minister's Wooing," or "Pearl of Orr's Island"—books permeated with puritanism, and explaining it. By any standard of measurement the major part of Harriet Stowe's activities, interests, energies, was given to the cause of religion. Her earliest reading was sermons; her first essay on the immortality of the soul, her first important writing a tract called Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline.

Here, and in her appreciation of local color, Harriet Beecher Stowe revealed originality and a critical faculty. Parrington has observed of her that "the creative spirit was strong, but the critical was wholly lacking." The observation, correct enough as applied to "Uncle Tom," or to "Dred," is only partly true as applied to the religious and the local color stories. Here Mrs. Stowe displayed little of that emotional drive that characterized the anti-slavery stories, but she did discover a philosophical understanding of puritanism and of New England character matched only by Hawthorne.

Mr. Wilson has not done full justice to this aspect of Harriet Beecher Stowe but—if he has indeed failed here—it is his only failing. For this biography is in every other respect a capital achievement. It is thorough, understanding, sympathetic—though far from idolatrous—accurate (except for some minor slips), and above all lively.

But the best thing about this biography is not its warm descriptive passages nor its sharp character sketches, but its narrative vigor. For Mr. Wilson has at least this in common with his heroine, that he can tell a story. The story that he tells is not only of a person but of a movement, and it marches along with unflagging excitement. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in investing every part of his biography with interest—interest in persons, in places, in books, in movements, even in the details of finances or of travels. The interpretation is not profound but it is intelligent and reflective; the narrative is not brilliant but it is spirited and entertaining. If Mr. Wilson has not pointed a moral he has certainly adorned a tale.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

THE GENTLE HERTFORD. HER LIFE AND LETTERS. By Helen Sard Hughes. Macmillan. 1940. 506 *pp., with index.* $4.

Every student of eighteenth century letters will be grateful to Miss Hughes for this excellent book. It is a full-length portrait of that estimable woman the Countess of Hertford, *née* Frances Thynne, who was the friend and the patroness of James Thomson, John Dyer, William Shenstone, and other poets of the first half of the century. She has not, hitherto, been easy to know. References to her in the poetry of the time are, of course, embarrassingly frequent. Contemporary panegyrics paint a woman of such attributes that even angels might have looked at her with reverence. But that was the conventional benefactress of poets; the real Lady Hertford is harder to find. Miss Hughes, however, has sought her out in the manuscripts preserved at Alnwick Castle, and in a rich profusion of letters has presented her here as an attractive human being. She was hardly a woman of the world and certainly not a "bluestocking"; she was a quiet and sensitive person who loved nature as few people of her time knew how to love it. Her life, except for her friendships, was uneventful, but it was comely—a beautiful commentary in a world that allowed time for ease and grace both of living and thinking. Miss Hughes's delicate but painstaking scholarship would have met the standards of that world and pleased "the gentle Hertford" herself.

C. D. A.

Fiction

WHERE THE APPLE REDDENS. By Alexandra Phillips. Putnam. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

For 300 of its 312 pages this novel moves steadily along the safe paths of formula, and then all of a sudden the slow-paced plot goes into a series of twists and spirals, incidents pile on top of one another in a breathless scramble, and what has been a commonplace, superficial, and fairly unassuming story runs bang into a conclusion fraught with Seriousness and Significance. It is a pretty fierce shock to the unsuspecting reader. Nothing in this narrative of the wayward Irena, queen among the seven daughters of a rich brewer in upstate New York, prepares one for suddenly coming to grips with reality. Irena herself, her mildly mannered husband, her six widowed sisters, even her devoted orphan niece are all, in conception and treatment, familiar as the ingredients of almost every slightly satirical study of a provincial city. Even the famous writer Shamus McNeill, the McNeill, whom Irena pursues and who brings about her downfall, is a stock figure, a none too subtle caricature. But at the very end of an uneventful journey down an accustomed highway, the reader suddenly finds himself snatched into a dark alley and knocked over the head by an author who seems to snarl "So you thought I was kidding?"

Miss Phillips handles her city background well enough, although, again, not very revealingly. I am sure that the Madras she has created is a credible duplicate of the Buffalo in which she grew up. Unfortunately, however, her story is presumably set in the nineteen-thirties, and the atmosphere which she evokes is unmistakably that of a period at least twenty years earlier: which testifies to the accuracy of her recollection but is less of a tribute to her inventiveness. All in all, however, her novel would be acceptable enough if the unexpected hint of portentousness at the end didn't cause the reader to review all that has gone before in a harsher light.

F. S.

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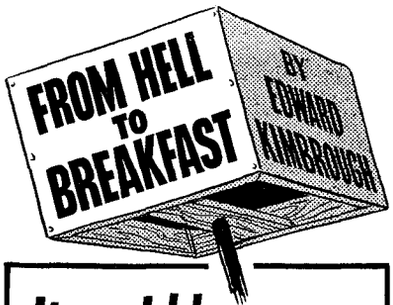

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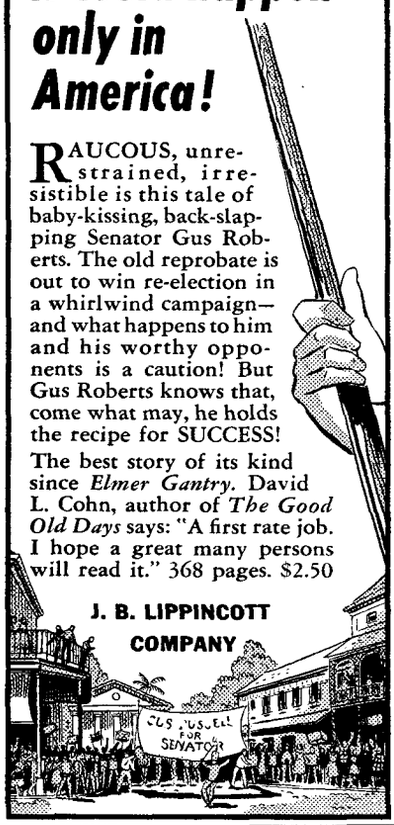

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Fiction

THE GOLDEN TOUCH. By Stephen Longstreet. Random House. 1941. 317 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Longstreet writes the story of Mike Seabrook, Wall Street operator and wizard of international finance, with energy, enthusiasm, occasional force, and no genuine literary power. Capable of describing his characters in eloquent phrases, he is apparently incapable of making them live to confirm his descriptions. Mike, he assures us, is "elemental and fierce and ruthless," but after following Mike's career through three hundred pages we still have to take his creator's word for these alleged facts. Mike himself does not convince us. And the characters who surround him are no more successfully realized. Leda Owen, the love of his life, can scarcely be said to exist at all, unless it be on the plane inhabited by the colorless heroine of slick magazine fiction; while Sarah Seabrook, who is presented as a sturdy daughter of the soil, compact of earthy wisdom, unfortunately reminds one of a shrewd mother rocking in a Bronx flat while her ambitious son battles for fortune in a down-town world that she does not know and distrusts. That her roots should lie in an "up-state New York farm" is beyond believing. Of the high finance with which the novel is so largely concerned the author writes from the point of view of an imaginative board-boy or a rather innocent customer's man: he does not penetrate its mysteries, so he cannot admit his readers to them. It is not enough for Mike to shout: "Check on all the holding companies! Get me open wires to Rome, Stockholm, London, Berne, Luxembourg!" Mr. Longstreet is at his best when he describes Joel Suleiman walking through the markets of New York at dawn, watching food from all corners of the earth pouring into a city that always awakes hungry. But, for the most part, this novel comes about as close to the reality with which it purports to deal as does the average Hollywood scenario. Hollywood scenarios are both popular and profitable.

B. R. R.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLONDE DIED FIRST *Dana Chambers* (Dial: $2.)	Politeness of susceptible Jim Steele entangles him in two Manhattan murders and unexpected Bermuda voyage, with incredible outcome.	Tangled marital affairs of sultry beauty motivate plot that spills over into fantastic, but bubbles with zip and action.	12 min. egg
TRAITOR'S PURSE *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sadly hampered by amnesia Mr. Campion tries frantically to pierce fog and foil plot that strikes at heart of English existence.	Diabolical "Minute Fifteen" involves redoubtable Albert, his puzzled companions, and reader, in hair-raising chain of situations, above and below ground.	Scintillating
DECOY *Cleve Adams* (Dutton: $2.)	Rex McBride, on trail of Cal. plane-crash perpetrators runs afoul ruthless and unsavory mob of foreign conspirators and their molls.	No holds barred in this rapidly moving, realistic, high-tension tale of diabolical plotters and their final undoing.	Tempestuous
NO TIME TO KILL *Geo. Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Two murders and almost successful attempt give Mass. lawyer and operative Carlos Black plenty to keep their hands full.	Good central puzzle, rich assortment of characters—socialite and thug, numerous taut situations—all heightened by clever and effective understatement.	Recommended
MOURNED ON SUNDAY *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.)	Young widow accused of running down wife of ex-lover on lonely York state road. Insp. McKee confounds real criminals.	Judicious combination of deep-laid deviltry, hair-trigger action, romance, and believable detecting rank this with Mrs. Reilly's best.	Top-flight
THE FOG COMES *Mary Collins* (Scribner's: $2.)	Laura Tashera, decorator and decorative, augments income illegally and fatally. Sheriff Wade, solid type (Carmel, Calif.) fits the pieces.	New writer. Characters, natural. Dialog, swell. Suspense to last gasp. Move over—Ford, Eberhart, Rinehart. We got another boarder.	Gold!
THE ISLAND OF FU MANCHU *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nayland Smith & Co. outwit wily and diabolical Oriental in scheme to dominate America.	Dr. Fu's inventiveness knows no end, and a succession of thrills follow on his way.	Thriller de luxe

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

THE recent musical battle between the ASCAP and the BMI has probably revived more interest in old songs, song books, and sheet music than all the historical and nostalgic films that have been popping out recently from the Western factories. To be sure, the heroes of the day and the BMI are Stephen Foster and "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," his torch song, and, for that matter, the torch song of the air-waves today. Not long ago, exploring among some old song books of about a hundred years ago we found a thin, black song book with the gilt lettering "Gentle Annie—Melodist." It was published by Firth, Pond & Co. (New York, 1858) and, looking through it, we found, much to our astonishment, that the gentle Foster was the composer of many less familiar songs.

To us this was news indeed. We knew of course of "Oh, Susanna," "Old Folks at Home," and several others that are now famous American folk songs, but we could not recall having heard "Gentle Annie," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Maggie by My Side," and "Old Dog Tray." Now we feel badly about this, for if the radio gentlemen are bent on bringing back Foster to us they should do so completely. We wonder also why some of Foster's contemporaries have failed to be represented. In *Gentle Annie* we find that Messrs. Steele (words) and Buckley (music) have written "Kiss Me Quick and Go" of which the first stanza reads:

The other night while I was sparking
Sweet Tur-li-na Spray,
The more we whispered our love talking
The more we had to say;
The old folks and the little folks
We thought were fast in bed,
We heard a foot-step on the stairs,
And what d'ye think she said?
O! Kiss me quick and Go my honey,
Kiss me quick and go!
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go.

Chorus:

Kiss me quick, and go my honey,
Kiss me quick and go;
To cheat surprise and prying eyes,
Why kiss me quick and go.

We were touched by a song entitled "Weeping, Sad and Lonely" or "When This Cruel War Is Over." Published in 1863 during the Civil War its sorrowful lyrics must have brought tears in many a home in the North and South. The Words are by Charles Carroll Sawyer and the music by Henry Tucker. The song was "Inscribed to Sorrowing Hearts at Home" and the first verse goes as follows:

Dear-est love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?

Oh! How proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus:

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fear how vain!
Yet praying,
When this cruel war is o-ver
Praying that we meet again!

It was of interest, too, to come across *The American Minstrel,* by George Andrews and Asahel Abbot, published by C. M. Saxton, New York, 1849. This book is one of "practical exercises, songs, hymns, and chants specially adapted to the use of schools and academies." The names of Andrews and Abbott are new to us, but apparently both of these gentlemen must have enjoyed considerable popularity in their day. This is the title and first stanza of the song they wrote shortly after the California gold rush:

THE CALIFORNIA
Gold-Hunter's Glee

Come Listen to me, Yankee boys, a story I'll relate,
That happened in the valley of the California State;
'Twas far down in the bottom lands we hunters went, so bold,
And work'd like busy bees when we thought about the gold.

Chorus:

O the gold! the gold! they say 'tis brighter than the day,
And now 'tis mine I'm bound to shine, and drive dull care away
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, lala.

There are three more stanzas to the song; Asahel Abbott must have stirred many an Easterner's heart with his lyrics. For the song goes on and tells how the miners dug their "heap of gold" and

I Got some boards and boxed it up
and then for home I started.

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LADY MURGATROYD is dusting out Box 284-E in preparation for finding some chivalry wrapped up in envelopes. Dost I dust in vain she cries?

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Double-Crostics: No. 364

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

							1 - L	2 - O	3 - D		4 - I	5 - G		6 - W	7 - X	8 - J	9 - H
	10 - X	11 - K	12 - V	13 - O	14 - D	15 - P		16 - L	17 - U	18 - R	19 - E		20 - X	21 - P	22 - N	23 - F	
24 - R	25 - K	26 - H	27 - T	28 - W	29 - C		30 - T	31 - G		32 - Q	33 - K	34 - U		35 - P	36 - N	37 - H	
38 - C		39 - H	40 - E	41 - L	42 - W		43 - E	44 - A		45 - K	46 - C	47 - Q	48 - R		49 - L	50 - J	
51 - B		52 - V	53 - X	54 - P	55 - L	56 - F	57 - J	58 - V	59 - O	60 - K	61 - D	62 - C	63 - M		64 - J	65 - V	
66 - S	67 - C		68 - D	69 - W	70 - R	71 - H		72 - V	73 - J	74 - I	75 - U		76 - G	77 - S	78 - F		
79 - G	80 - Q	81 - B		82 - V	83 - R	84 - O	85 - P	86 - T	87 - W	88 - M		89 - V	90 - D	91 - N	92 - R		
93 - X	94 - G	95 - E	96 - U		97 - R	98 - A		99 - N	100 - L	101 - O	102 - V	103 - P	104 - M	105 - J	106 - S		
107 - V	108 - G	109 - U	110 - J		111 - Q	112 - E	113 - J		114 - V	115 - A	116 - F	117 - T		118 - T	119 - C	120 - S	
121 - F		122 - G	123 - Q	124 - B		125 - B	126 - U	127 - I		128 - B	129 - C	130 - M		131 - R	132 - C	133 - G	
134 - D	135 - V		136 - U	137 - S		138 - N	139 - H	140 - B	141 - O	142 - C		143 - V	144 - T	145 - S	146 - X		
147 - R	148 - F		149 - X	150 - T	151 - Q	152 - W		153 - S	154 - U	155 - I		156 - J	157 - N	158 - W	159 - O	160 - X	
	161 - X	162 - R	163 - I	164 - V	165 - F	166 - M	167 - K	168 - O		169 - I	170 - Q	171 - E		172 - O	173 - D	174 - A	
175 - N	176 - F	177 - C		178 - E	179 - Q		180 - A	181 - Q		182 - I	183 - G	184 - A					

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Edible marine fish of genus *Trachinus*.

B. Punish in general; mulct.

C. Appellation of Edward I of England.

D. Little son of Madame Butterfly (Puccini's opera).

E. Best novel of Charles B. Brown (1798).

F. Flagship of Admiral Farragut (1862-4).

G. Undivided.

H. Peevish (Eng. dial.)

I. Middle course (2 wds.)

J. Largeness, fullness breadth.

K. Fierce lion killed by Hercules.

L. Shutdown; respite.

M. Put forth fruiting spikes (cereals).

N. One who excites to action.

O. All-cotton velvet.

P. Destroyed by slow disintegration.

Q. Queen in the opera "Le Coq d'Or."

R. American novelist, grandson of Fannie Kemble (full name; 1860-1939).

S. American story-writer née Wilkins (1862-1930).

T. Dutch jurist and statesman (1583-1645).

U. Piquant salad-dressing of cooked egg-yolks.

V. Determined as genuine.

W. Dora's surname ("David Copperfield").

X. Lying under or below.

WORDS

180	44	98	174	184	115					
128	125	124	51	140	81					
62	132	129	29	142	119	46	38	67	177	
3	90	173	68	61	14	134				
43	40	19	95	178	112	171				
165	116	176	121	56	148	23	78			
94	133	31	76	183	122	108	79	5		
39	37	139	71	9	26					
74	163	169	127	4	182	155				
57	64	156	8	73	105	50	113	110		
33	25	45	167	60	11					
41	100	1	49	55	16					
63	104	166	88	130						
91	138	36	22	99	175	157				
84	13	172	159	2	101	59	141	168		
85	103	21	15	54	35					
179	123	181	151	32	47	80	111	170		
70	97	48	24	131	83	92	147	18	162	
137	66	145	106	153	120	77				
144	86	150	118	27	30	117				
17	126	109	136	96	154	34	75			
143	102	107	12	114	135	72	52	58	65	164	89	82
87	69	152	28	42	158	6				
146	10	161	20	7	149	160	53	93		

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